

PUMPERS AND SUCKERS.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* relates the following story, with a moral:

Having occasion, several years ago, to visit the West, I put up one night at a small rude town near the base of the Alleghany mountains. My stopping place was a small, dingy-looking, neutral-tinted, two-story drunkard-making establishment, which gloried in the significant appellation of "The Hunter's Home." A few rude men, who, to my eyes, appeared oddly dressed, without the least regard to any principles of taste or of fashion—their garments being partly of skins of animals killed by their own hands, and partly of coarse cloths cut without regard to any other idea than that of comfort, with hats of as many different shapes as there were heads to wear them,—were loling about the bar-room. Some of them had a powder-horn thrown over their shoulder, and a long-barrelled musket in their hand. And one or two, in addition to these, were embellished with rabbits, squirrels and birds, which they had recently shot. I now understood the appropriateness of the name of the tavern.

As I stepped to the door to escape the odor of the various drinks upon which the returned sportsmen were luxuriating, my attention was attracted upwards by a mysterious creaking, shrill sound, which fell at irregular intervals upon the ear, and which I soon discovered proceeded from a sign suspended from the limb of a large elm in front of the house, which the wind took the liberty of keeping in constant motion. It was significantly decorated on one side with a huge bowl, and on the other with a quart-pot, rejoicing under a high crown of light foam, which, on one side, was flowing over, appearing like a beautiful white plume, gracefully bending from the coronet above.

On the right side of the front door was a long, rudely-constructed bench, which appeared as though it had been used from time immemorial, for no other purpose than to accommodate the idlers of the village, with material on which to test the temper of their knives, and, at the same time, to try their own skill in carving; as it was covered with letters and figures of all shapes and sizes. Whilst occupying one end of this antique, elaborated seat, watching the variegated and constantly changing hues produced by the rays of the setting sun upon that wild mountain scenery, I heard a rumbling which, as it gradually grew louder, seemed like the approach of distant thunder. It was heard in the bar-room, and brought the men to the door.

"I must away," said one—a long, lank, tawney fellow, with a garment somewhere between a coat and a jacket, made of black bear skin. "A storm's brewing; and if I ain't on hand my old woman 'll have the hy-sterics," emphasizing the first syllable. "She's dreadfully skeered at lightning ever since a flash set my hay a fire, killed the cow, and stiffened little Tom, so that all we had to do was to put him in his coffin and bury him up."

"Not so fast," replied another, the prominent feature of whose dress consisted of a tall, steeple-shaped white felt hat. "Not so fast. I reckon your woman don't hear that, and if she did, it

would take something more than thunder, manufactured by wagon-wheels and dirt, to frighten her. That's nothing but the pumpers and suckers."

"Glad of it," said Bear-skin. "For I want to kill something for supper before I go home. But your story about the pumping is too much for me to swallow. There's no truth in it."

"What 'ill you bet? I'll stake my Slay-bear against your Fail-not."

"It taint no use. Slay-bear's a good piece, I know, I brought down an eagle with it, once; but Fail-not kills as much game as I want. Besides, my old 'ooman tells me I had better not bet, and I think a sight of her judgment."

During the unsuccessful attempt to get their muskets staked against each other, the cause of the mysterious sound was developed by the approach, in the distance, of eight or nine large baggage wagons, drawn some by four, and others by six horses.

"We shall soon see now whether a horse knows where water comes from, and how to get it when the trough is dry. To create a necessity, I'll empty the trough."

The speaker stepped to the pump, which stood on the opposite side of the road; emptied the trough, and then re-adjusted it for the reception of water. The pump was one of which the handle always sprung up when used; so that all that was necessary to bring the water was simply to produce the downward motion of the handle—it would rise of its own accord.

Not knowing the particular question at issue, nor the nature of the experiment which was expected, I was the more careful in my observations. In a short time, the long string of wagons reached the tavern. Imagine, if you can, my pleasure and surprise to see one of the horses that was first unharnessed, finding nothing in the trough, deliberately lay his head on the handle of the pump, press it down, and make the water issue from the spout. As he raised his head the handle would spring up, but down again he would press it and force the water into the trough. In this manner the ingenious horse kept pumping until nearly all the others had finished drinking. He then left the handle; went round to the trough, drank as much as he wanted himself, then sedately walked into a long stable which was near, and took his place in one of the stalls, as though he had performed nothing unusual.

"That beats all natur," said the knight of the Bear-skin; "I'm glad I took my 'ooman's advice and didn't bet. Fail-not and I would a parted, sure."

"Does that horse always do so?" I asked, addressing the landlord.

"He always does when there's occasion for it, and that's why he's called Pumper and the others, who only drink, are named Suckers."

When I retired for the night my mind was busily occupied with these expressive appellations. I thought they were not exclusively appropriate to these quadrupeds, but that there were those who might worthily bear them among certain bipeds of my acquaintance. Indeed, it required but a limited exercise of the imagination to divide the whole human family into two classes, one of which should embrace all the pumpers, and the other the suckers of the human race.

A REMARKABLE CAVERN.

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following sketch of the newly discovered "Wyandotte Cave," in Crawford county, Indiana:—

Near the town of Leavenworth, in the State of Indiana, and not far from the Ohio river, there is an extensive and very remarkable cavern, which, though not possessing all of that diversity of interest exhibited in the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, will yet, in many of its features, compare very favorably with the latter, and in some points far exceeds in grandeur and sublimity anything yet discovered there.

The land, upon which the cave is situated, was purchased from the United States Government by Mr. Henry P. Rothrock, the present proprietor. The fact of the existence of a cave here was known by the early settlers in the neighborhood since the year 1820, but it remained almost unexplored until a very short time since. That portion which has been known for many years is now called the "old cave," to distinguish it from the larger and more recently explored part, which is commonly known as the "new cave," and which has been traversed for the first time by white men within only eighteen months past. The exact location of Wyandotte Cave (for such is the name by which it is known) is about six miles east-northeast of the town of Leavenworth, on Blue River, formerly called Wyandotte River, Crawford county, Indiana, and not very far from the boundary line of Crawford and Harrison counties.

After dinner we commenced our preparations for entering the cave:—lamps and torches were prepared, trimmed and filled; these lamps, made of tin, had been manufactured to order in the city, for our special purpose. Some were formed with a socket in the bottom, and carried on the end of a stick five feet long—others, however, of a much more convenient form, were carried with a swinging handle like that of a kettle, a circular shade of the tin being formed about five inches below the hand, that served to keep the offensive lamp-smoke from the bearer, and prevented the glare of the flame from dazzling the eye. Beside the lamps and torches, several of the gentlemen had prepared fire-works of different kinds to illumine the dark halls, lanes and grottoes of the subterranean city. Last of all, we encased ourselves in rough suits, ready for all emergencies, and sallied out. That afternoon our explorations were preliminary and general, but on the next morning we commenced the work in earnest. The entrance of the cave is near the top of a lofty and very extensive hill;—after ascending about one-half a mile from the house by a steep winding path, you will observe the entrance; it is on the west side of this vast hill, and at an elevation of about 120 feet above Blue River. The entrance is about four feet high by seven broad. Just within the mouth we lighted our lamps. Their sickly yellow flame contrasted strangely with the thick blackness of the cavern on the one side, and the radiance of the sunlight without. The storm of the previous day had entirely subsided and died away; and the opening clouds showed the calm blue above, and we felt almost reluctant to bid adieu to nature in her fresh and smiling

attire, and descend into these deep, dismal vaults. The damp air comes clinging around your limbs, and you shrink instinctively from the cold chilling embrace of the genius that presides over this sepulchral region.

In all large caverns there is a current of air more or less strong, either blowing out or inward; this depends upon the season of the year, or more properly the temperature of the external air; in winter the external air is inhaled by the cavern, and passes in under a brisk draft, while in the summer the cool air of the cave is breathed out. The mean temperature of the "Wyandotte Cave" during the whole year is 58 or 60 degrees Fahrenheit—it would, consequently, in summer, be cold, and in winter warm. A few feet within the mouth the proprietor has erected a wooden door to prevent the ingress of intruders; this being unlocked we were ushered into a long, low apartment, not remarkable for anything striking or unusually interesting. The ground here (as in a large portion of the cave) is strewn, and in some places entirely covered, with fragments and enormous masses of rock, that have evidently fallen from the roof at some early day; these huge pieces, of many tons in weight, lie in extensive irregular and chaotic heaps, and seem to have been shaken down by some violent convulsion of nature.

It is the unusual exertion and fatigue of clambering over these enormous piles that doubtless cause many travellers greatly to magnify the distances traversed by them in these caves. Now our party, by means of a line 100 feet long, (using a tape of 50 feet for shorter distances,) took some very accurate measurements of the apartments and windings, and were satisfied thereby that the distances in these caves are often very much overrated. It is easy for one entering a cave, for the first time, to be deceived in this respect, where the path is blocked up with heaps of from ten to twenty feet high, and he is to climb over them, or he is obliged to walk thirty or forty yards in a constrained and stooping posture, and then for an equal distance is down upon all fours, crawling along, and then suddenly has to take a steep descent, lamp in hand, cautiously threading his way downward, at the imminent danger, if he does not at each step secure a firm foothold, of losing his balance, and being dashed headlong to the bottom. After all these difficulties, requiring infinite toil and patience, and testing his vigor, he will easily be persuaded that he has travelled at the least a half mile, but let him reduce the distance to actual measurement, and he will be surprised to find that he has scarcely exceeded 1,200 feet. Far beyond the first door is a second, leading to a different branch of the cave. From mere conjecture I supposed that we had come three-fourths of a mile from the first door, yet on reference to our notes I found that we had come only about 1,000 feet! Some portions of the floor of the cave are covered with salt earths, from which large portions of Epsom salt have been manufactured—as many as twelve pounds of salts have been produced from a bushel of earth.

It would fill a volume to give a detail of all, or even most of the objects of curiosity and wonder amid those realms of solitude and darkness that

attract the eye of the traveller at almost every step, invite his investigation or speculation, and fill him with emotions of delight and astonishment. One of the grandest and most stately of these is "Monument Mountain," which rises in the centre of "Wallace's Grand Dome." This dome is about 300 feet in length, by 150 broad. The immense mass of rock composing the mountain is vaulted over by the roof of the cavern itself, that spans the whole, and rises at this point from the base of the mountain to an altitude of 150 feet. Upon the top of the mountain are three beautiful stalagmites, formed by the slow dripping of the water through the limestone roof; their snowy line contrasts strongly with this thick gloom around; their beautiful forms, from this circumstance, are revealed to the eye even by the feeble ray of a single lamp; they are each about four feet high, and about six inches in thickness, and exceedingly white. Upon the top of the mountain, and alongside of these stalagmites, we lighted one of our largest Bengal lights; it emitted a very brilliant red flame, and burning for several minutes, afforded a gorgeous illumination—the effect was grand and ineffably sublime; until this moment we had discerned but half the wildness, and beauty and grandeur of the spot—but now the dazzling and intense light penetrated every crevice and cranny, and filled the vast dome as with the brightness of noonday, and revealed to our astonished vision the full glory of the scene—it was a terrific page in nature's volume that had been unclasped before us—we were contemplating her awful mysteries down deep in the caverns of the earth; and upon this page a flood of light had been poured that we might see and feel the power and glory of nature's Great Architect. At this spot we discovered a white-oak pole—this was found here on the side of the mountain, upon the first entrance, a year ago, of any white man into this part of the cave. It bears evident marks of having been cut at the end by some rude instrument. The probability is that it was brought in and left here by the Indians, and that the marks and attempt at sharpening the end of the pole was made by a stone hatchet. The difference of the mark left by the iron axe of the white man and the Indian stone hatchet, cannot be well mistaken.

Of smaller dimensions, and of far less imposing appearance, are "Concert Hall" and "Odd Fellows' Lodge." In the former is an echo—there we remained a short time for resting, burned one of our blue Bengal lights, and enjoyed the mellow tones of a flute that discoursed of the "Banks and braes of bonnie Doon," "Rory O'Moore," &c. Odd Fellows' Lodge is a spacious hall, about 250 feet in length by 100 in diameter, with an arched roof, 60 feet high. Between these two apartments, yet not contiguous to either, is a small cascade, produced either from the overflow of some subterranean stream, or by the water permeating through the bed of rock from the surface above. There our eyes were greeted with the sight of one of the most beautiful stalactites that we ever beheld. It is called the "Epaulette," from its almost perfect resemblance to that military ornament or insignia. It projects from the side of a rock and is about six feet above your

head. The trickling lime-water has first formed the shoulder-piece about three feet wide, and then dividing itself into a score or more of little streams, and falling over, leaves the pendent fringe or bullion—the water slightly discolored by the yellow earth, gives to the whole a bright golden hue. These stalactites assume various and fantastic shapes; but I have never seen one that surpasses this in beauty of form or color, and that bears a more appropriate name. The proprietor carefully guards it against the ruthless hand of the spoiler and seeker after "specimens."

I have taken you, reader, by a very sudden digression, from "Monument Mountain" through these three last named localities. This has been by way of an episode. Descending the mountain, and just at the foot, we came to the Sulphur Spring; jaded and tired, we sat down to enjoy its cool and grateful waters; we all drank copious draughts; the flavor is mild and pleasant. After a heavy rain, the sulphur is less perceptible than at other times. The dryer the season the more proportionably strong is the sulphurous taste of this spring; so that at times it has very much the taste and smell of the Blue Lick, sold by the druggists in the city. Leaving the spring, we were looking around to see how we should proceed next, for our pathway seemed completely blocked up. Behind us was the steep mountain, with its peak capped by the three snowy monuments, reaching far up into the impenetrable gloom above, while before us rose the scowling blackened rocks that supported the great dome itself. To the inquiry where we were to go: "There," said our guide, "through that auger-hole," pointing down not far from our feet to a small aperture that appeared more like some fox's hole than anything else. At first I was really at a loss to know whether the old gentleman was quizzing us or not—and even after we were assured that he was in earnest, it was some time before all the gentlemen could make up their minds and determine to make the essay. Those of the party who were portly and elderly declared that they *could* not if they would, get through such a crevice, on account of their corpulence—that it was impossible to force themselves through the narrow chink beneath them, and even if they should succeed in squeezing in, what guarantee did they have that they should be able to get out? The rocks around and inside of the passage were wet and slippery from the overflowing water of the adjacent spring, that formed puddles about, and everything was covered with a soft, viscid clay that made the entrance more unpleasant. In short, there was no other alternative than for each one either to return and ingloriously "back out," or else to get down flat upon the back or stomach in the mud and water and "back in" to this "auger-hole."

At last, while we stood deliberating, one of the party, a slender young gentleman, of some sixteen years of age, laid down his lamp and disappeared through the hole. We all looked in, and by the aid of our lights saw him peering up through the little dark passage that proved to be about six feet in length. Thus encouraged, another and another of the party severally passed through—those behind passing down to those who had preceded them, the lamps, baskets, lines, &c. But

when the turn of the stout gentleman and the broad-shouldered young man arrived, then came "the rub"—the latter declared emphatically that he had "stuck," and the former called to his comrades for assistance and "to lend a hand." After our party had all effected a safe passage through the "auger-hole," we found ourselves in a very low chamber that gradually widened and prolonged itself into an avenue.

We must necessarily pass over and omit several highly interesting spots and curiosities that we met in these dark windings and labyrinthine passages. Among these I may mention incidentally here the "Chapel"—a low, little crypt, containing two or three remarkable stalagmites of a brown color, formed, doubtless, centuries ago; the ground here had become perfectly dry, with no recent indications of moisture whatever. Toiling over hill and dale for many an hour, toward noon we entered "Rothrock's Promenade." This spacious avenue, extending about a third of a mile in length, presents a smooth footway with no obstructions of rock, and probably may have been the channel of some stream in primitive times, as it wears all the unmistakable marks, along its sides and roof, indicative of the flow and passage of water. The tired pedestrian finds great relief in its pleasant and uniform level and roominess.

In a distant part of this "promenade," or what is probably a continuation of it, the floor is strewn with heaps of infinitely small crystallizations or glittering particles of carbonate of lime, having the appearance, when first perceived by torch-light, of an innumerable quantity of the finest needles. These minute particles extend along the pathway for a distance of over 200 feet.

In still another part of this avenue, there are to be seen the foot-prints of the red men, who visited this place before its discovery by the whites. In one spot you may distinctly trace in the soft path the tracks of four persons—two wearing moccasins and two barefooted. They are known to have been four in number from there being four different lengths of the feet. The Indian habit of walking, too, so different from the white man's step, is plainly discernible here, one foot being placed straight and immediately in front of the other.

Another of the remarkable features of "Rothrock's Promenade" is found in the crystalline formations exhibited there; one portion of its sides being completely fretted over or encrusted with the richest and most delicate crystallization of carbonate of lime that we had ever beheld. They appeared like so many sparkling gems "of purest ray serene" that nature had scattered here with lavish profusion. Some of these crystals were of snowy whiteness, others were of a very light pink or cream color; some assumed the shape of a full-blown rose; some were fashioned like the tulip, others like some sprouting forms of vegetable life, while others were of variously quaint and fantastic shapes. Several of these specimens of rare and exceeding beauty were presented to us by the worthy proprietor.

We began now to scale and clamber over the most rugged and arduous way that had even yet presented itself since our first entrance; and by-

and-by we approached "Pluto's Chasm." This, as its name may indicate, is a terrific gap, or fissure, yawning open before the traveller, having an abrupt and almost sheer descent of nearly or quite 200 feet. The downward path, from both the opposite sides, to the bottom of this deep cleft, through which every one must pass, is very difficult, requiring considerable care and caution to avoid the danger of a fall. Here the rock-ribbed edifice seems to have been rended in twain by some earthquake, and instead of the roof falling, as is the case in other portions of the cave, the solid body of rock seems to have been violently riven asunder, leaving a steep and dangerous pass through the midst of this hideous chasm. Our Bengal lights were again brought into requisition. Some of our party witnessed the sublime exhibition from the heights above, while others posted themselves in the gulf below. I can only say that the scene presented was surpassingly grand, and baffles all my efforts adequately to describe. Towering up on each side of us rose the crags of jagged rock to an amazing height; and meeting overhead, formed an irregularly grained roof; around stood the gigantic forms and huge masses of rock that had remained fixed for ages in silence, solitude and darkness, mute witnesses of the dread catastrophe that had been there enacted. Standing at the bottom of the abyss, and looking up among the craggy heights, I beheld the figures of some of our party looking down upon the scene. The pale blue glare of our Bengal light gave a ghastly hue to their countenances, and they seemed more like some wild supernatural beings who had been disturbed from their dens, by the unwonted clamor and blaze of light, than like one of us.

Ascending from this gap, you continue for a considerable distance on an upward course, until the path, growing more and more narrow, seems at last to terminate in the ceiling; but, clambering up, you discern a small aperture, called the "Screw," about large enough for the bulk of an ordinary man's body. Fortunately for themselves, the portly and elderly members of our party, on account of extreme fatigue and indisposition, had returned. By a little patient twisting, the younger and smaller gentlemen succeeded in squeezing through this crevice. Just at this point we discovered a small living centipede—the only sign of animal existence that we had discovered within these cheerless dominions of nature, unless we except the withered skeletons of some bats found in the other parts of the cave. On account of the narrow aperture the centipede was swept away by some of the party, and we were unable to preserve it; but, from the presence of this little insect, and the fact that we were surrounded by a large bed of clay, some nine feet in thickness, we conjectured that this portion of the cave could not be far below the surface of the earth.

Having extricated ourselves from this confined passage, and passing on by a somewhat wider, and downward path, we came to the "Circle of the Union." This is an immense vaulted hall, or, if it were not more elliptical than circular in its form, might be called a *rotunda*, being of a magnitude and height that is truly stupendous. You necessarily approach this vast area by a

narrow passage that terminates about half way between the floor and the roof; thence you descend by a steep course to the floor. In the centre rises up like a mountain, an enormous mass of rock, and upon the top of this huge structure stands the stately and august "Pillar of the Constitution," supporting the overarching roof above. This magnificent column is a vast *concretion* of fibrous or *satinspar*, some portions being of an immaculate whiteness, and the rest of a light orange color. It varies from 12 to 16 feet in diameter, and is about 45 feet in circumference. There it is, the slowly natural work of centuries, ay, of ages. Its shape reminds you of some vast *jet d'eau*, or fountain, whose falling waters seem, as by some spell, suddenly congealed or petrified. Every object here is of colossal proportions—the noble shaft stands conspicuous in the centre—a heavy pall of gloom is contained around—silence reigns supreme, and everything conspires to fill the beholder with the most sublime ideas and the profoundest sensations of awe.

SCENERY IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAIN.

There is something grand and awe-inspiring in the higher class of mountain scenery. The ocean spread out before you in its vastness, is a sublime spectacle. The clear, calm lake, reflecting the "crimson and gold" of sunset clouds, and mirroring on its glassy bosom the scenery which fringes its margin, is a scene of richness and beauty. The broad savanna, decorated and embroidered with flowers and verdure of every hue and odor, is an object of loveliness. But a landscape made up of lofty mountains, frowning cliffs, ravines, torrents, vales and cascades, rises to the sublime, and yet tempers its own sublimity by an intermixture of the beautiful in nature, which relieves from the oppression of that which is grand and awful only. And then, too, there is panoramic variety in such a scene, which you look for in vain in the boundless fields of ocean, the unvaried face of the smooth lake, or the monotonous beauties of the flowery prairie.

I lately made a visit to the Cumberland Mountain, in quest of health, and found myself interested in the scenery much beyond my anticipations. I ascended the mountain by the main mail route leading from Nashville to Knoxville,

and took temporary quarters at Bon Air, five miles east of Sparta, on the Western brow of the mountain. The cabin assigned to myself and family was on an elevated point, a little way from the main building, and considerably higher, commanding a view among the most delightful I have ever seen. It extended from the southward round to sunset, describing half a circle, whose horizon was bounded by mountains varying, according to the best information I could get, from fifteen hundred feet high to more than two thousand; and this mountain horizon was from twenty to forty or more miles distant from my stand-point of observation. Within this broad area were included, I think, six or seven counties, or parts of counties; and the whole grand amphitheatre filled with high hills and mountains, interspersed with deep valleys, rivers, cultivated fields, villages and towns; and upon all these I looked at one glance from a position more than two thousand feet above Nashville, and near fifteen hundred feet above the neighboring village of Sparta.

But we must attempt something like an analysis of this rich landscape. Sitting in my cabin porch, and facing a point about S. S. W., the mountain falls rather abruptly, and a few rods below a bold freestone spring leaps from its rocky side, and sports its clear waters down into large troughs, prepared for their reception, at the roadside. Soon the deep descent places the tops of the tallest trees far below my sight, and a dark gulf intervenes to where the eye strikes an irregularly cone-shaped mountain which rises beyond the chasm, densely covered with green forest growth of stately stature; but the compact forest, as I look down upon it, appears like one great tree, whose top has been carefully shorn to reduce it to evenness. Behind this mountain rises another, and then another, and another, until the eye rests on the seventh of the series, where, at the distance of forty miles, it seems to support the firmamental dome, and bury its blue summit in the clouds; or, if no clouds be present, the sky and mountain-top appear a continuous wall on which the line of junction between the celestial and terrestrial is scarcely traceable by the eye. Change the view farther west or east, and the line of vision takes a diagonal range, through cultivated fields and human abodes. But in the instances of the remoter of these, the dwellings appear little more than toy-houses, and the farms as small gardens.

Through one of these valleys flows a navigable river, (Caney Fork,) which, within the scope of my horizon, has a fall of ninety feet within the distance of a few rods, and affords a five thousand horse hydraulic power. Early in the morning, you may trace the meanders of this river for many miles by the rising volume of fog, which in the distance so truthfully represents the stream from which it goes up, that you can hardly divest yourself of the illusion, especially where, within a basin of hills, it expands into a beautiful mimic lake. One morning, on looking out, a new spectacle was presented. The fog was very dense, and had risen up all over the immense basin described by my horizon, nearly to the tops of the mountains, and now I had before me a noble bay, with its coves and inlets, and in

which each mountain-top was a green island in the wide waste of ideal waters. The flowing of the fog, at one point, over a depression in the remotest mountain, gave the appearance of a strait, by which the mountain-girded bay was connected with the wide ocean, and rendered the illusion absolutely perfect.

The constant diversity of shade and sunshine is a beautiful sight, and is to be seen at all times when the sun is up: for at no time did I see the whole field of vision before me either shaded or sunny. On one mountain a deep shade rested, the adjoining one was covered with bright sunshine, and another still was receiving the blessing of a refreshing shower; and in this manner the entire area was diversified. I have seen heavy showers falling in three different locations at the same time, while the intervening country was either basking in sunshine or shaded with clouds. At one time, while the sun was shining brightly around me, and in a horizontal plane from my point of view, the sky was perfectly clear, save a few light, fleecy clouds over the southern horizon; below that line of vision hung a cloud which melted before me into a copious rain, and fell on the valley beneath. The "place of the rain" was before me, and I was permitted to witness the processes of the great laboratory of nature on a grand scale.

But the sublimest exhibition of all is a thunder storm at night among these mountains. A transient sheet of flame flashes across an area of hundreds of square miles, revealing, for a moment, the giant forms of a hundred mountains, then leaving the whole under a pall of inky blackness: this succeeded quickly by the loud thunder-peal, that makes the mountain tremble, and goes off in murmuring reverberations from mountain to mountain, until the deafening roar, weakened at each repeated echo, at last dies away in a low, distant moan.

I saw but one rainbow, and that, by-the-by, was not a bow at all. I was approaching the base of the mountain from the west, by a sort of gorge. On the nether slope of the mountain a lively shower was falling, and upon the falling rain the horizontal rays of a bright evening sun struck, and converted the shower into one broad, brilliant Iris, apparently lying on the ground, within two or three hundred yards of the place where I stood.

Altogether, we have here a glorious exhibition of the works of nature, and the power and goodness of Him who built the universe.—*Southern Lady's Companion.*

INCIDENTS IN FRONTIER LIFE.

THE WAY THEY EMIGRATE.

BY AN OLD PIONEER.

At the close of the "Black Hawk War," in 1832, and as a partial indemnity for the injuries sustained, the government of the United States came into possession of a strip of country on the west side of the Mississippi, some fifty miles in width from the river, back, and extending from the vicinity of Fort Madison, north to Turkey river, above Dubuque. The Sauk and Fox nations of Indians claimed this country by conquest of the Ioways, about a century since. They received a valuable consideration for the exchange, and agreed to take possession of a tract of country towards the Missouri river, by the 1st of June, 1833. The people of Illinois called the country the "Black Hawk Purchase;" though that restless Indian had nothing to do in the sale or the treaty.

On the first opening of Spring, emigrants from Illinois and other Western States crossed the "Great river" at *Skok-o-quan*, to become the founders of a new State. A ridge of bluffs lay along the river, known to the Americans by the name of the "Flint Hills," the present site of Burlington city, where stood a solitary trading house, which had long been a gathering place for the aborigines, under the name *Skok-o-quan*.

The country in the rear of the Flint Hills was rich, and duly proportioned into timber and prairie; and in that direction the first tide of immigration passed. Many families from the vicinity of the writer disposed of good farms at a small price, to move to the "New Purchase." The "red-man" had scarcely set his face towards the setting sun, before many families, with their flocks and herds, found a new home on the plains of Iowa. On all the principal pathways leading across the peninsula, lying between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, wagons, people and their stock might be seen moving to the "Black Hawk Purchase."

Until they could open farms and raise crops, there was much suffering amongst these pioneers. The influx of immigration to the adjacent parts of Illinois, required all the surplus grain and provisions. Corn for bread could not be had for the people in the "New Purchase," even at an extravagant price, within fifty, and to some settlements, one hundred miles. And those who had no money to purchase with, nor team to haul it, had no alternative but to live without bread until they could prepare ground, fence it, and put in and cultivate a crop. Meat could be obtained by hunting, but the "staff of life" could not be had.

In the early part of the summer of 1833, the writer was travelling through the counties on the "Military Tract" in Illinois, as the country was

called that lay between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. He was engaged in establishing Sunday schools in the sparse, frontier settlements.

All the immigration by land to the Iowa country had to cross this tract. It was an interesting speculation to watch the "movers" as they wended their way to the New Purchase. For the amusement of such readers of the "Home Gazette," as are strangers to the aspects of frontier life, we will give an unvarnished portraiture of an immigrating family.

As the last rays of the setting sun were gilding the tops of the forest trees, and shedding their mellow tints on the floating clouds, a large road wagon, covered with coarse white cloth, with four horses, was seen entering the forest from the border of a large prairie, and proceeding slowly down the descent towards a small stream.

An elderly man with several youngsters of both sexes were marching on foot, and driving the cows and swine lazily along. A large sun-burnt man, with his clothing soiled and torn, was driving the team. He sat astride the hindmost horse, on the left side, and guided the others by a rope in one hand, while with the other he cracked his heavy whip to stimulate their efforts. The old man, who appeared to be about fifty, carried his rifle in a sloping position on his shoulder, while two stout lads each had the same deadly weapon. Their hunting gear was on, and each carried a large hunting-knife in his belt. Peering out from under the wagon cover could be seen the swarthy, wrinkled face of the matron, with a younger female, who might be taken for the "helpmate" of the driver, especially as three white-headed, dingy-looking children, with soiled faces and black eyes, were too young to claim consanguinity to the elderly female, unless in the line of second generation.

The weather for several days had been dry, and the roads dusty, and had we come on this family comfortably settled in a frontier log-cabin, they might have been a pattern for tidiness and thrift: but they were moving to a new country, and we describe them as their appearance was, which was far from prepossessing. Yet we have seen hundreds of families at their homes, on our frontiers, who were social, intelligent, cleanly and hospitable, and whose log-cabins would have done credit to a Jersey housewife.

On the bank of a creek that meandered through the strip of forest land, the wagon stopped, and the party made preparations to "camp out" for the night.

On the bottom land, along the creek, pea-vines and wild grass furnished rich pasture. The horses were ungeared, and "hobbled out" on this "range," by fastening a strap or piece of hickory bark to the forelegs of the animals, so they could step but a few inches at a time. The cows were milked, and with the calves and swine, left to gather their own fodder, for they would not stray from the wagon. A fire had been kindled against a fallen tree; water was heating in the coffee-pot to prepare that indispensable beverage to a frontier family; one of the girls was wetting up corn-meal for "dodgers;" the old woman was smoking a dirty pipe, and the young wife was

nursing and petting her youngest child, who had been annoyed by the dust, heat and fatigue of travel. The father and one of his younger sons were erecting forks on which poles were laid and blankets spread, as a shelter for the night. While these preparations were going on, the company were startled by the sharp crack of a rifle, not a hundred yards from the encampment. Looking around to see who were missing from the company, the old man sang out—

"Where's Jim!"

"Gone a hunting," was the response of one of the girls. "I seed him take Bet (his rifle) soon as we camp'd, and start up the creek."

"I say," exclaimed the old lady, "that ar boy will run himself to death a' hunting."

"Never fear, Patsey, I shouldn't mind if Jim's got another deer."

And, sure enough, Jim came running, half out of breath, exclaiming at the top of his voice—

"Dad, I say dad, send Joe to help me. I've got the confoundest, biggest sort of a deer up the creek yonder. He's all over a chunk of fat."

"Have you marked him?"

"Yes; right through the body, and cut his throat, too."

Jim's bloody hands and clothes were proof direct. Off ran not only Joe, but old folks, young folks, children and dogs, leaving the supper to cook itself. In about twenty minutes they all returned with a fine, fat, young buck—a ball hole near the heart, and the throat cut. "Jim," as the family called him, had taken to the trade of hunting since they left the borders of White River, in Indiana: and this was the third piece of venison he had brought to camp. He was a slouching, slender-looking fellow, who had just entered his sixteenth year. His garments hung about him as though he had caught them flying, but he bid fair to be the Nimrod of the family.

"I say, old man, hurry up now, and get that skin off, or you don't have a bit of that ar' venison for supper."

"Well, now, Patsey, don't fret, day-light is hardly gone yet."

To skin and dress a deer in such a company was the work of a moment, and, in less time than it has taken to record a single sentence of this veritable history, the steaks were simmering in the skillet.

Night had spread her heavy cloak over the forest, and the stars twinkled through the openings in the foliage, before the supper was prepared. The fire blazed up and threw its fitful glare over the surrounding scenery. Each of the party had performed the necessary ablutions in the brook. The old woman was pottering about a sort of iron ladle, containing a strip of cotton and melted grease for a lamp, which, when hung to a limb, threw a flickering light on the party. A coarse cloth was spread on the grass, on which were several platters loaded with refreshments, of which the venison formed no small part. Around this sat the family grouse on the ground—all but the grandchildren—who, after the fatigue of the day, had fallen asleep, from which neither threats nor promises of "Jim's venison," could arouse them. In justice to their kind mother, we testify each had received a cup of fresh milk

from the cows, and a piece of cold corn "dodger." The patriarch and his wife, Patsey—"Jake," as he was called, and his wife Peggy, Jim and Joe, Kate and Polly, did ample justice to the coffee, warm dodgers and venison steak. "Jim," in his own estimation, and that of his mother, was about the "biggest" of the group.

This family had sold their farm in Indiana, and were on their way to the "Black Hawk Purchase." Not one had ever been in this direction before. They had heard of a new country beyond the Mississippi, and the spirit of enterprise and restlessness impelled them to move. Very probably some of this family are now in Oregon, for the first families who migrated to that point in the "Far West," went out of Iowa.